

Going South
Number

Carondelet Branch.

Life

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The Beach Comber



From mural decoration by E. H. Blashfield at Home Office of The Prudential Insurance Company.

Increase - Foresight - Constancy Thrift - Order - Temperance

These Lead the People to Security

On a throne in the center is Prudence or Security, holding a shield, emblem of protection, and an hour-glass as monitor that man's days are numbered. Under her cloak she shelters the helpless—those too old and too feeble to work.

Above are floating symbolic figures,—Temperance holds the bit; Increase, an oak branch

indicative of great things from little; Order, a tablet and stylus; Thrift, a distaff; and Foresight, a lamp trimmed and burning; Constancy, a mariner's needle.

Below are some of the protected people: Carpenter, Electrician, Fisherman, Bricklayer, Fireman, Railroadman, Farmer, Shop girl, Sewing girl, Clerk, Soldier, Sailor, etc.

This beautiful picture typifies the great protective principle of The Prudential

Are You Insured?

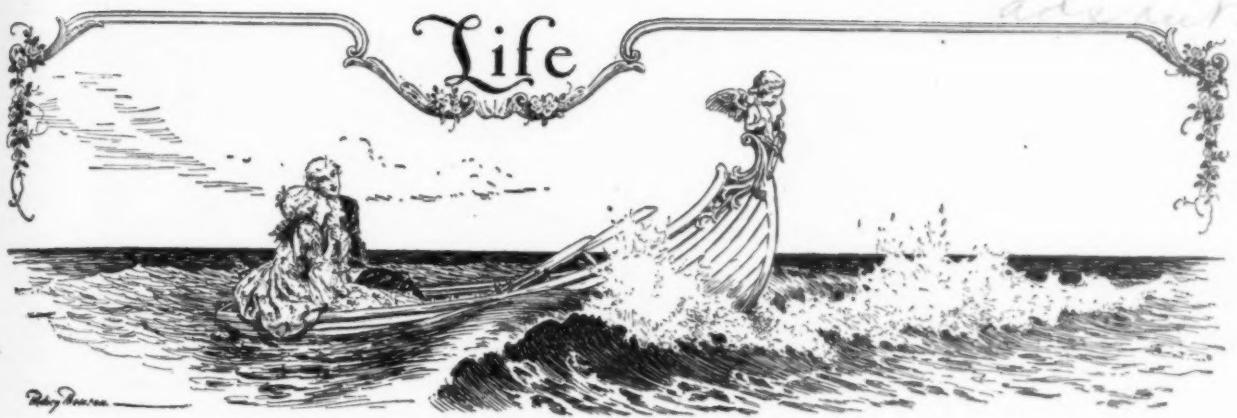


The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN, President

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

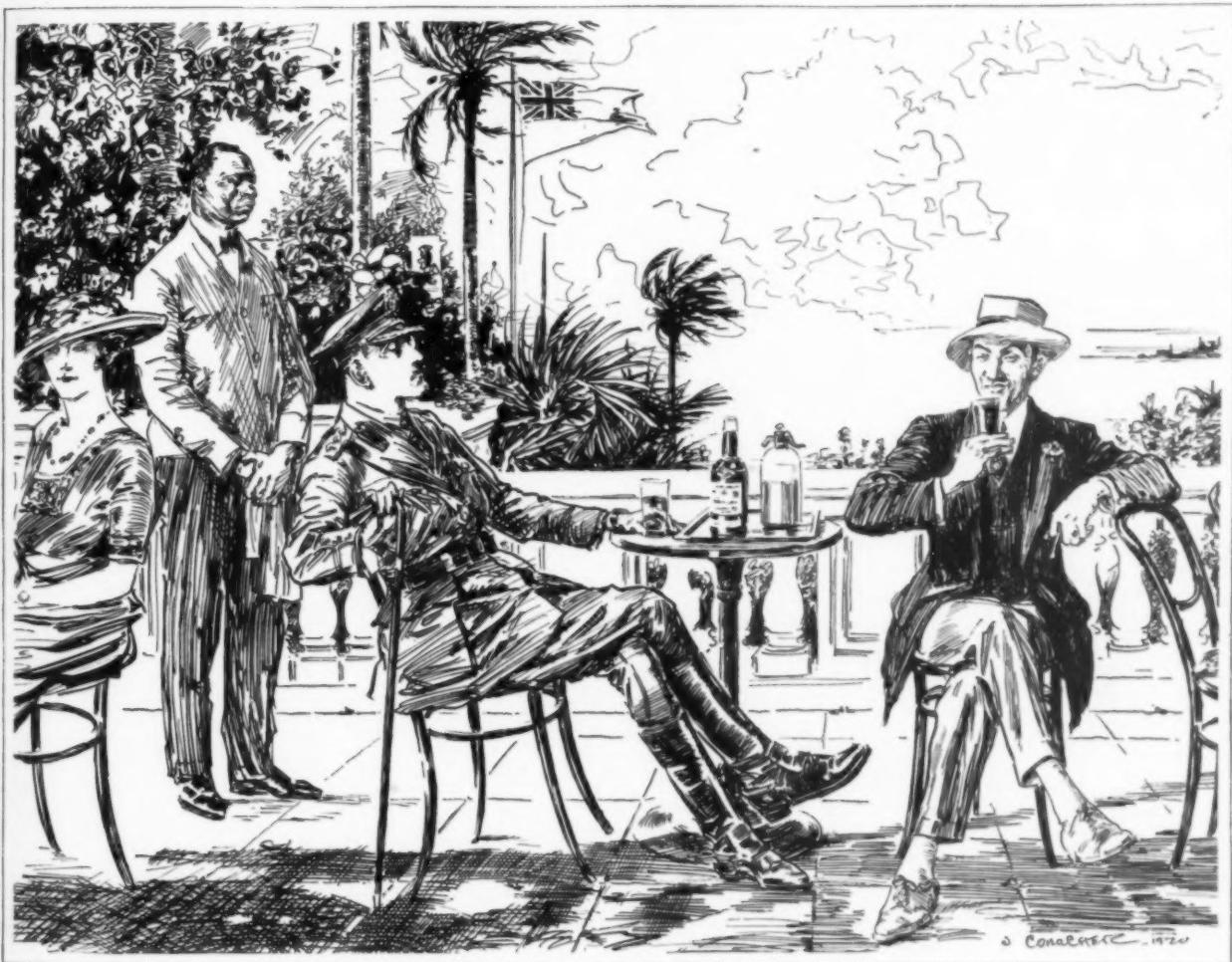


Youth Wants Summer

YOUTH wants summer and a sweetheart and the moon
And flowers and a fine new gown, forsooth,
And music and excitement and to win to-morrow's game....
Age wants—Youth.

Pass, Friend

MISS HATHNOT: Once a month I pass your beautiful
house.
OLD CORDIALITY: Well, well! You must try to pass it more
frequently.



The Englishman: WELL, OLD THING, WHAT'S THE PRICE OF YOUR BALLY OLD DECLARATION
OF INDEPENDENCE NOW? EH, WHAT?



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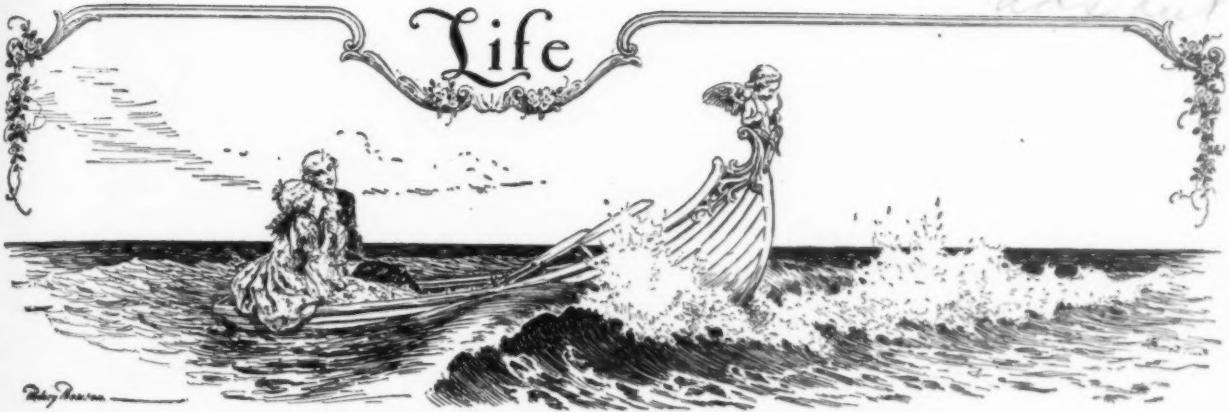


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RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT PALM BEACH.

New Words, American and British

OF the making of new words there is no end; and this is as it should be, since new things are forever coming into being for which we need names. Sometimes the word-factory does a good job, turning out an excellent label for the new thing; and sometimes its product is beneath contempt. Sometimes the linguistic novelty startles us by its unexpectedness; and sometimes it is formed in accordance with the precedents and is able to slip into use without calling attention to itself.

There recently appeared in a New York newspaper an advertisement of a country home for sale; this advertisement vaunted the many merits of the house; and it incidentally declared that "unusual care and taste have been used in landscaping the grounds." Here is a daring deed; and

yet the meaning is clear enough. Still, one may venture to suggest a doubt whether so violent a cutting across lots, so to speak, really justifies itself. On the other hand, we had long accepted the *dramatizing* of novels, and therefore we were not surprised when plays began to be *novelized*. Then, when dramas were translated for the movies, they were said to be *picturized*. Well, why not? *Picturize* is as seemly a word as *novelize*, and *novelize* is as unobjectionable as *dramatize*. But more remains behind. In the playbill prepared for the performances of "Rip Van Winkle" by Mr. Tony Sarg's captivating marionettes, we are told that Washington Irving's story had been *puppetized* by Mr. George Mitchell. *Puppetized*? After all, why not?

These are all American contributions to the English language; and here are two British contributions to companion their American cousins. In Rudyard Kipling's "As Easy As ABC" he has a vision of the future when all the unknown forces of electricity are under human control; and he describes a moment when two hundred and fifty beams of light, "shifted, re-formed, straddled and split, narrowed, widened, rippled into ribbons, broke into a thousand white-hot parallel lines, melted and revolved in interwoven rings like old-fashioned engine-turning, flung up to the zenith, made ready as if to descend and renew the torment, halted at the last instant, *twizzled* insanely round the horizon and vanished." That's a superb description, and *twizzled* is precisely the proper word. I never saw it before; I never heard it; I don't know what it means; but I am willing to admit that those two hundred and fifty beams of light *twizzled*. Of course they did; they had to; that's what they were for. Only a rash man would deny Kipling's right to rule the vocabulary.

"Notes on Coxing" is the title of a treatise recently published by the Cambridge University Press, and the advertisement informs us that it is a manual of good advice for the coxswain, the lightweight lad who has to steer an eight-oared racing-shell. *Coxing* is a new one on me, I confess; and I tremble before it. I hesitate to conjecture what the London newspapers would say if this horrific vocable had been invented on our side of the Atlantic. How they would pour hot scorn upon a people so regardless of the proprieties of speech as to devise a base-born word like *coxing*! And I may as well admit that if *coxing* had been an American invention I shouldn't be proud of it. But it isn't American; it is British, conceived in an English university; and our kin across the sea are welcome to it. What's more, they can keep it on their side of the Atlantic. We don't need it. *Coxing*? What do you think of that? *Twizzled*? Well, I'm going to use *twizzled* myself the very first chance I get.

B. M.

To Keep the House Warm

MRS. GLABBERDEEN: Of course you, too, must often change cooks?

MRS. JALPERDILL: Oh, don't speak of it! We suffer from such a continual going and coming that we've decided this winter to equip our kitchen with revolving doors.



Drawn by J. R. SHAVER.

The Dawn of Ambition

Our Own Intimate Column

(*LIFE* inaugurated this novel department in a recent issue, and it has been received with instantaneous favor by a wide circle of readers. This sentiment of approbation is only natural, in view of the fact that the Intimate Column is for, of and by the readers themselves—it is for them to compose and conduct as they see fit.)

ONE of our readers has written in to suggest that we form a Ouija Klub, and we consider that this is really a famous idea, though somewhat belated. He says if we will propound a question in this column, all of our followers who still have ouija boards will send us in any answers that they may receive from the spirit world.

Here is the question:

When do waiters eat?

* * *

DEAR LIFE: I love flowers of every kind—in fact, one might almost say that I am a "Nature fan"—and I am especially addicted to dandelions. Whenever I go past a big estate that has swarms of these fragrant little golden blossoms all over the lawn, I begin to feel real envious and wonder why I, too, can't have them in my yard. Can any of your readers tell me where I can go to get dandelion bulbs, and what is the best system for their culture?—AGRICOLA.

* * *

DEAR LIFE: Can anyone tell me the name of the artist who painted "Reuben's Descent from the Cross"?—OLD MASTER.

* * *

MILDRED is just going to Palm Beach, and wants the readers of this column to suggest the ten best books in the English



GOING SOUTH FOR HIS HEALTH.

language to provide entertainment during the dull hours when the boys go tarpon-fishing. She says that you need not include the following works, as she has already read them all at one time or another in her life: *The Swiss Family Robinson*, *Jurgen*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *This Side of Paradise*, most of Rabelais, and the December 1st issue of *The Compositors' and Typesetters' Monthly*.

* * *

No, DOLORES, the Prince of Wales is not married yet; and you will make a much bigger hit if you don't spell it "Whales" when you write to him.

* * *

We want to make this column representative of every one of our readers, so we intend to start a Kiddies' Korner

just as soon as ever we can. All that is holding us back now is a lack of letters from the little ones. Why not send us in some cute sayings, mothers and fathers, and help us to get started?

Maybe 'Tis Here

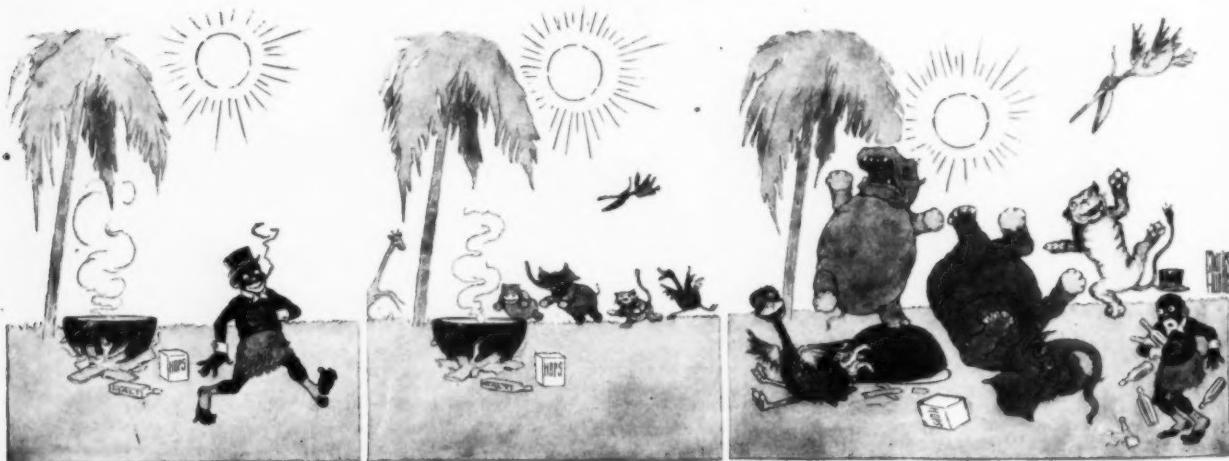
LIVES of great men oft remind us
That there'll surely come a time
When our virtues will be sounded
In most execrable rhyme.

His Age

SHE: Why, how old you are!
HE: What did you expect?
They told me you were a minor poet."

FRANK'S a great politician."
"What party does he belong to?"
"All of them."

ABYSSINIAN HOME-BREW



"UM-M! ME GO GET BOTTLES."

"WOW!"

"OH, BOY!"

Southern Climates

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

If you are wintering in the South you should constantly bear in mind that no matter at what resort you are staying, you are in the only perfect climate in the world. Even though the old-timers will remind you of the fact every ten minutes or so, you need to keep the matter on your mind, for one little slip is fatal. Bertie Wilberforce, for example, is practically a social outcast at Cocoanut Beach, Florida; yet his only offense was to remark on his second day there that he had never been in a place where there was so beastly much climate.



Miss Phoebe Armstrong is among those who regard the climate from the medical point of view. The climate of Zephyrhurst, S. C., has cured her of so many ailments, any one of which would have proved fatal, that it has taken her the better part of two hours to enumerate them to Mr. Tuttle, who wonders why unkind fate did not lead her to some less healthful resort.



Miss Alicia Byrd has such a great heart that she sits all day by the thermometer on the balmy porch of the Royal Palmetto, in order to know exactly how much to pity the unfortunate people who are freezing and shivering up north. She is the unofficial statistician of the climate and can tell you on how many days of February of any year the thermometer stood at over seventy degrees.



Revenge is sweet, but that does not excuse the oafish conduct of Mr. B. Dillingham Minn which is pictured at the left. His stay at Cedar Springs has been made completely miserable by the other guests, who would not let him forget that the sun shines every day of the winter at Cedar Springs, and that the thermometer never goes below sixty degrees. But now that the phenomenal has happened and a cold rain has sent the temperature down to thirty-six degrees, it's really too bad of him to keep stamping into the lobby, chuckling clownishly, and thus reminding the Cedar Springers of their shame.

A Stormy Harbor



THE BABY: What time is it?

NURSE: Noon.

BABY: I'm hungry as a wolf.

NURSE: Have patience. This is reception day. And I want you to look your prettiest and act your best. Your father is coming home early. Aunt Jane is coming with your cousin Kate.

BABY: Um. Well, hand me that bottle. I must prepare myself for the worst.

(A long silence ensues, broken only by occasional gurglings.)

BABY: I must say I feel better. If you will excuse me, nurse, I'll roll over and take another nap. Just tell 'em from me that I'm not at home, will you? Say I have suddenly been called out of town.

MOTHER (entering): How is he now?

NURSE: All right.

(Enter the baby's father. He comes in on tiptoe, walks over to the crib and after making sundry faces at the baby dangles a watch in front of his eyes.)

FATHER: By Jove, he is a corker, isn't he? It's too hot in here. You've got him smothered. I heard of a case the other day where a child was suffocated to death. Does he need all those clothes?

MOTHER: Of course he needs clothes. (She starts to pick him up.)

NURSE: He has just had his bottle, I —

MOTHER: Dear old darling sing. (Snuggles him.) So you wanted to see your muzzie, didn't oo? (Changes him from one shoulder to the other.)

BABY (aside to nurse): Well, I should regurgitate!

FATHER: Let me take him. I know how to handle him. (The transfer is made.)

MOTHER: Be careful, dear. Don't let his head drop. (Father promptly lets baby's head drop, but rapidly recovers.)

FATHER: He certainly is gaining. He must have taken on a couple of pounds since yesterday. There! There! Don't you know your dad? Of course he knows me. You can't tell me he doesn't know me. (Baby begins to cry and father flops him down.) Say, nurse, you ought not to let people handle him. Bad thing.

AUNT JANE (entering breathless with cousin Kate): We came right in. I knew you wouldn't mind. Oh, there he is! What a wonderful baby! Do you know, he looks more like John every day.

KATE: Isn't he—lovely! What tiny hands. Would you mind if Elaine saw him? She's waiting downstairs.

BABY (aside to nurse): I knew it! They never come alone.

FATHER: Certainly. Bring Elaine up. I want everybody to see this kid, and then they will believe us.

(Elaine, a school friend of Kate's who has been waiting outside, bursts in.)

ELAINE: Oh! Oh! Oh! Isn't he a darling! May I take him up?

KATE: Oh, no! Let me first. I'll be very careful, Auntie. I know how.

FATHER: There doesn't seem to be anything the matter with his lungs.

ELAINE: I think I could have taken him up. I love babies!

MOTHER: Give him to nurse, Kate.

AUNT JANE: No, let me take him. It's so easy to handle a baby if you only know how. (She grabs him with a feminine flourish and begins to walk up and down with him. She takes him over to the window and shows him the geraniums.)



MILITARY TRAINING.

Zare, zare, now ee's a goochy, goochy. Perhaps you'd better take him, nurse. He hasn't been overfed, has he? It's so easy to overfeed them. More trouble comes from overfeeding than underfeeding.

FATHER: Well, I believe in giving 'em all they'll hold. It's the only thing that will make 'em grow. (The nurse takes the baby and puts him gently in the crib.)

BABY: Can't you get rid of them? I have a violent pain coming on.

NURSE: I'm sorry, but I can do nothing. I am only a paid employee here.

BABY: My young life is nothing to them, is it? Well, I'll get even with them!

SCENE: The same. TIME: Midnight.

BABY: Ow! Yoo! Hoo! Yooooey!

NURSE: There! I'll give you some hot water and that will make you feel better. (Enter father and mother, pale with fright, in their night clothes.)

FATHER: I've telephoned for the doctor and he ought to be here any minute. Can't you do something for him?

MOTHER: Oh, John dear, what shall we do? Are you sure the doctor is coming? I was afraid, nurse, that you didn't know how to feed him.

BABY (between gasps, to nurse): I'll fix 'em!

NURSE: And I'll lose my job.

BABY: It was Aunt Jane that gave me the final throw down. My, but this is awful. Oooh! Ooooey!

(Enter doctor, suddenly.)

MOTHER: Oh, doctor, can you save him?

DOCTOR: My dear madam, there's nothing whatever the matter with this baby. Let him cry. It will do him good. I'll call around in the morning.

FATHER: I knew it was nothing.

MOTHER: If it hadn't been for you I would have been sure it was nothing. (They retire serenely.)

BABY: Well, I've broken up their rest and cost them about ten dollars. I hope this will teach my parents a lesson.

NURSE: It won't, I assure you. Remember, you are the first.

BABY: Will they ever learn?

NURSE: They may, but not unless they have three or four more like you.

BABY: Well, I hope they won't—for the sake of the other possibilities.

T. L. M.



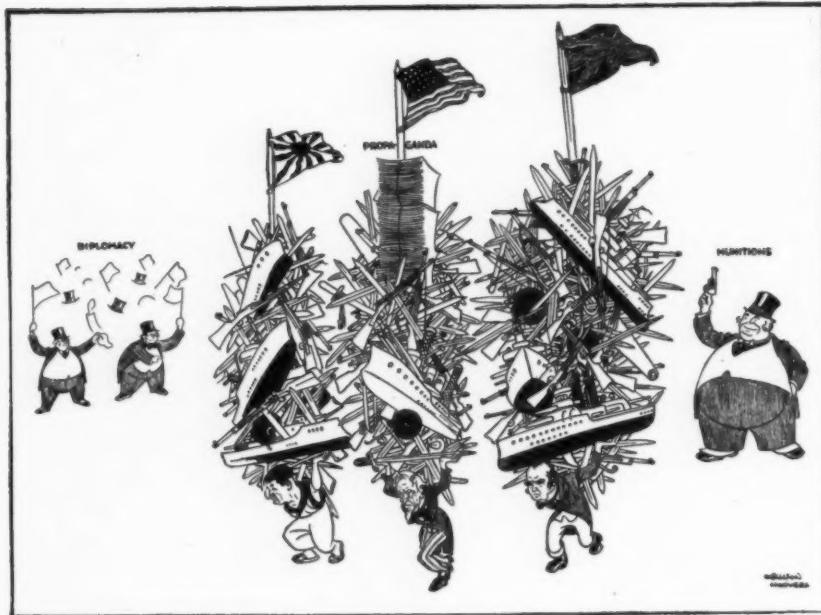
Drawn by PAUL STAHR

CONTRAST

Guest: HAVEN'T YOU BEEN GETTING SOME NEW FURNITURE?

Hostess: YES, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

"WONDERFUL, MY DEAR! MAKES EVERYTHING ELSE LOOK SO SHABBY."



THE SAME OLD RACE.

Advance News

(Not to be cast in the shade in its great mission of presenting all the news, LIFE takes pleasure in outdistancing all competitors by publishing herewith, in advance, the principal events of next week.)

MONDAY there will be several robberies in New York, accompanied by loss of life.

Tuesday a gentleman, who has driven a car for years and has the reputation for being a careful driver, will meet with an unexpected and fatal accident.

Wednesday a beautiful girl will be kissed by a fellow so homely that, if they knew it, nobody would be able to explain how he succeeded.

Thursday two ladies will talk to each other over the telephone for forty-five minutes.

Friday fourteen editorial writers in England and America will write illuminating editorial articles definitely and finally settling the Irish question.

Saturday a prominent official, whose name for obvious reasons cannot be given, will announce who will be the members of President Harding's cabinet.

Sunday, a respectable gentleman who ought to know better will refuse to go to church with his wife because he is tired. He will then sneak off to the golf club.

Add Famous Last Words
"NUMBER, please?"

Evolution

"CAN'T you stretch a point?"
"Certainly," said the period.
And thus was born the comma.

Our Forgotten Soldiers

SUPPOSE you had served your country as a soldier and managed to come out of it all without a scratch from German artillery and snipers and machine guns and bayonets, but with something more than a scratch on your lungs;

—and suppose they were going to send you to the Radisson Inn at Minneapolis to see if the United States Public Health Service could patch up your lungs and restore you to self-supporting activity;

—and suppose thirty odd property owners in an exclusive residential district adjacent to the Radisson Inn set themselves up as a committee of conscienceless objectors, held an indignation meeting and telegraphed the Surgeon-General protesting against leasing the Inn for a sanatorium for tubercular ex-soldiers;

—and suppose things like this happened in many other places over the United States and you got the idea that nobody wanted you and your defective lungs around;

—and suppose your lungs did get well and another war broke out;

—you'd feel like rushing off to the nearest recruiting office, wouldn't you?



*Mabel: I'VE GOT TO ASK FATHER FOR SOME MONEY.
Ethel: SO HAVE I. I'LL MATCH YOU FOR FIRST CHANCE AT HIM.*



THE FLOATING POPULATION.

Peripatetic Pies

THE students at eighteen German universities were recently served with mince pie by the American Quaker Relief Commission. As lovers of peace, of course, our good Quakers boldly make use of almost any medium for disseminating contentment and good will among men, but frankly, is this an appropriate time for injecting American mince-meat into the international situation? It is a lamentable fact that our mince pies are under surveillance by the police of this country, and their introduction to German universities might well be construed by a suspicious government as an unfriendly act upon our part. Wouldn't it be advisable for us to keep our mince meat at home until the world has settled down to the full enjoyment of peace, pies and prohibition?

TAKE care of the pennies and along will come some relief fund and take care of the dollars.

The Return

I MUST go back to the army—
I must go back!

I must roll out in the early dawn
When the reveille falls light and clear
Down through the flap of my shelter
half—

And now it will fall on a welcoming ear.

So long I have seen life is empty,
And of late I have understood why:
I huddle in pain under twenty floors
That shut out the sun and the sky.

I—who've been used to the saddle,
To the drill in the open field;
I who have crept through the wet, black
night,
All booted and spurred and heeled;

I who have eaten my bacon
Flavored with sand and my horse's
hide—
I sit in an office the length of the day
And wonder I haven't gone stale and
died.

But I've reached the end of my tether—
I have closed the office door,
I've pulled down the blind with a lump in
my throat—
And the office shall see me no more.

Give me a gun and a uniform!
Give me a horse with a wicked eye!
Give me a long, lean sabre,
And a throat that is never dry!

Give me a can of water—
Give me a ration of "tack"—
Show me the trail to the days of old
And the Army—I MUST GO BACK!
Joseph Andrew Galahad.

A TERM of endearment—about six months.



AT ODDS AND ENDS.

The Latest in Insurance

By Meredith Nicholson.



A HANDSOME prospectus just issued by the Bald Eagle Casualty Company announces that it is now prepared to insure the unwary or helpless against the state or condition of being bored. While on the face of it this new feature is only designed to afford pecuniary relief to those who in social contacts find themselves in the company of dull and uninteresting persons, the higher aim is evidently to elevate American social standards. Those who, in the most hopeful spirit, dress for

a dinner that proves to be a malevolently contrived combination of social non-conductors may, merely by filing the required affidavits, draw a neat sum from the company's coffers. The benefits are calculated upon the degree of the policy-holder's social value as appraised by the company's experts. Or, if the food creates pangs of indigestion, this, too, entitles the policy-holder to relief on the same basis, with the addition of doctors' bills and payment for loss of time.

In the short space of a month the Bald Eagle has written many millions of insurance in this new department. The jaded victim of years of wearisome functions or the highly eligible house-party guest may console himself with the reflection that, no matter how great his sufferings and annoyances, his feelings will be soothed with cash. Protected by the Bald Eagle, one

may even accept an invitation to meet a celebrity without the usual gloomy forebodings. Washington will be a likely field for the company's agents when the dawn of a new administration calls for a revision of social lists with the usual limitless possibilities of encountering the charmless great.

Evidently with special thought for the needs of the national capital, the Bald Eagle has devised *Form F*, otherwise the hostess policy, by which a well-meaning woman, entertaining under the compulsion of her own or her husband's ambitions, may survey her table with every confidence that if a new Cabinet officer or an important senator offends some equally influential personage, the damage will be at least measurably covered by the Bald Eagle's check.

It is, however, to the great body of rebellious Americans who don a white tie with something akin to the merry anticipations of a murderer vesting for the lethal chair that these innovations in casualty insurance will most strongly appeal. With stout heart the captive husband may charge the buffet for the refreshments his wife is so much better off without.

Here at last is a practical scheme for minimizing the terrors of the social adventure. Seeing Smith wink complacently at Brown at the most exalted moment of Mrs. Jones' musicale, one will know instantly that both these specimens of the T. B. M., as they submit to the tortures of jazzless harmony, are cheerfully speculating as to the time and place of their next poker game, for which the Bald Eagle will contribute the stakes.



"WOULDN'T DADDY JUST LOVE IT DOWN HERE; IT'S SO NICE AND WARM."
"OH, YES! BUT HE WORKS SO HARD HE KEEPS WARM UP THERE!"

THE HALL OF INFAMY

Drawings by W. E. HILL.

Verses by ROGER BURLINGAME



I.

UMBRELLAS are, I think, at best,
A most unmitigated pest
And should be carried, if at all,
By persons who are very tall,
But never by this other sort
Which is, as you observe, quite short.

**The
Umbrella
Hound**

Yet almost everywhere I've found
This typical umbrella-hound
Who grimly twirls it as he goes
At just the level of my nose,
Who scatters raindrops all about
And puts the people's eyes all out.

I'd like to see this person all
Umbrella-less within the Hall
Of Infamy and when it rained,
I'd have him moved outside and chained.



II.

It is a woman's right, I find,
From time to time to change her mind
And I concede, in fact, that she
Were charming in her vagary,
Did she but choose her time and place
With less of whim and more of grace.

**The Lady
with
Bundles**

But I admit a certain pain
When, halfway on a crowded train,
She suddenly becomes imbued
With some insistent change of mood,
And, letting all her bundles fall,
Determines not to go at all.

So in the Hall of Infamy
I'll build a special gallery
Where she can change her mind all day
And not obstruct my right of way.

A Million Years

STOP and think.

The average life of a man is forty-five years. After forty-five years comes a million years. No matter what your ideals, your profession or your desire for wealth may be, you must meet the million years.

The big question to ask yourself is this: Will your conduct in the forty-five years warrant a great deal of consideration in the next million? All you will have in the next million years is your personality. By personality is meant character, ideals and

the record of good done in the world. Will your personality be worth taking?

After all, when the threshold of the million years comes your only passport, your only substance will be life as you have lived it.

AFTER hearing certain musical and movie "stars," we have concluded that Carlyle was quite wrong. Genius is a capacity for inflicting pains.



FEBRUARY 17, 1921

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

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THE Supreme Council of the Allies have agreed about the German reparations.

They think that if the Germans will pay about fifty-five billion dollars in semi-annual payments distributed over forty-three years that will be about right, and for good measure they add to it twelve per cent. on German exports for that length of time. German comment on these suggestions is not flattering. At this writing one gets only the first remarks of the German papers. They are very positive that the Allies' Council expects too much. American expert observers also think the demand is excessive. It amounts to a principal sum of about twenty-one billion dollars with interest at five per cent. Some of our experts think that Germany might have paid as much as that if she had begun within three or four months after the war ended and had had some of her shipping left to her and something to start with. As it is she has paid in reparations three billions and a half since the war, which is not included in this sum which the Council has now figured out.

British expert opinion is more obstreperous than ours. The redoubtable John Maynard Keynes, who was present at the treaty-making, and afterwards kicked the treaty down-stairs, says the Allied Council that fixed up this arrangement was just a poker party, and that the proposals cannot be meant seriously any more than the original treaty was. And then he points out that if Germany could develop trade enough to make her annual payments, she would have all the world over-fed with European manufactured exports, and what would become of the

modest export business that England lives on?

It makes one laugh, there are so many ins and outs to all this reparation matter. It makes Colonel House quote President Wilson as telling Congress on February 11, 1918: "There shall be no annexations, no contributions, no punitive damages."

But let the experts and the governments fight it out. We can wait and see what comes of it. Somebody sees in it a plan to make Germany the greatest country on earth—either that or nothing—arguing that if the Germans could pay that money and have that long training in production under difficulties, and in self-discipline and thrift, nothing on earth could touch them by the time they got through. Perhaps there are philosophers in Europe who will point out that money is apt to strengthen those who earn and pay it, and weaken those who receive it. Still if this doubtful reparation plan goes through and the start is honestly made in carrying it out, it ought to help conditions in Europe a good deal. It would furnish at least a working hypothesis on which to go on, and that is about as much as it seems possible to produce in Europe at this time.

James Garvin, the British leader writer, says that the Home Rule Act that the British Government lately produced will work. His feeling about it seems to be, not that it is a final settlement about Ireland, but that it is just another working hypothesis which gives a chance for Irish adjustment and peace during the next few months. He finds it more consistent than any other scheme with the hope of ultimate Irish unity, which, he says, sooner or later Dublin and Belfast will have to settle face to face.

The main value of all present governmental arrangements in Europe seems to be not to reach a final settlement about

anything, but to get things going, and, of course, to get things going sometime is vitally important. Europe just now is trying to live on hates, and hatred is not a fattening diet. The French idea that Germany can be so crippled as to be safe, and can be kept in manacles indefinitely, is a delusion. Germany must be made safe in some other way—possibly by inducing in her a change of heart.

One natural result of the reparation plan that has been devised for her would be to increase German emigration to all inviting parts of the world, and especially to the United States. That, of course, would spread German influence and German brains no end, but still, if it reduced the population of the German state in Europe so that France could keep up with it, it would serve one end that would gratify France. It must be remembered that the great basis of the demand of France for the crippling of Germany is fear, and it must be admitted France has good reason to know what she is afraid of.



PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON, that game prohibitionist whose efforts in England excited even the sympathy of his antagonists, has been telling a ministers' meeting that "if prohibition is enforced in New York City as thoroughly as it is in other parts of America, the entire world will follow in our footsteps, but if America fails civilization at this supreme moment, the cause of prohibition is dead for a hundred years."

It is not certain yet that civilization would be a loser even if the cause of prohibition did stay dead for a hundred years. Prohibition is still very much on



IF INDIVIDUALS BEHAVED LIKE NATIONS.

trial and there are many doubts that the kind that is being tried on us now is the right article. These doubts about it are what makes it hard to enforce in New York, where, we suppose, a considerable majority of the voters would vote against it. It is hard to enforce any law that is not sustained by the consciences of a majority of the population on whom it operates.

All the same it is too early yet for Mr. Johnson to be discouraged by the enforcement of prohibition even here. It will take longer than a single year to test the enforcement. We believe that everywhere where prohibition has been tried, first attempts of enforcement have been disappointing to prohibitionists. After a while it is likely to become operative to an increased extent—to an extent, it may be, that will test its usefulness as a public

remedy. Having got this much-lauded remedy for sin, by all means let us give it a thorough trial and find out just what it can do.



WE have had a good governor in New York for a number of years, and we seem to have one still. Governor Miller has succeeded Governor Smith, and Governor Smith was excellent. But Governor Miller, also, is an able man, who wants to serve the people of the state and incidentally to do himself some credit. His idea of taking the New York rapid transit question away from the city altogether and having it settled by the best minds of the rural districts has a good deal to be said for it, but it is contrary

to the opinion that local matters should be left to the localities that they affect. If New York City is still capable of self-government, it certainly should be left to settle the management of the subways that it spends its money for. The real question about that is whether it really is capable of self-government any more. It has an immense electorate with a limited capacity of reaching just conclusions in matters that concern property in which other people have invested money. It is liable to have very bad Mayors, bad newspaper advice, and incompetent and dishonest management of all sorts. Nobody who knows its history, and especially its history under the Hylan administration, can possibly think very highly of its capacity for self-government. All the same, to have the management of its intimate affairs transferred to the legislature at Albany is a doubtful and precarious remedy.

The Governor does not think well of the plan of the New York State League of Women Voters to teach women voters how to vote. He would rather have that great duty discharged as now by partisan spellbinders.

But why object to the women voters getting instruction so long as one doesn't have to furnish it oneself? The thing that nowadays most helps the hope that civilization will pull through after all is the wonderful willingness of so many persons to do things that are more trouble than life seems to be worth.



THE papers reported that everybody's good old friend, Charley Schwab, was so much disturbed and affected by the allegation that he had taken \$269,000 out of the Emergency Fleet Corporation for personal expenses, that, after explaining how it was, he fairly broke down and wept tears into his handkerchief.

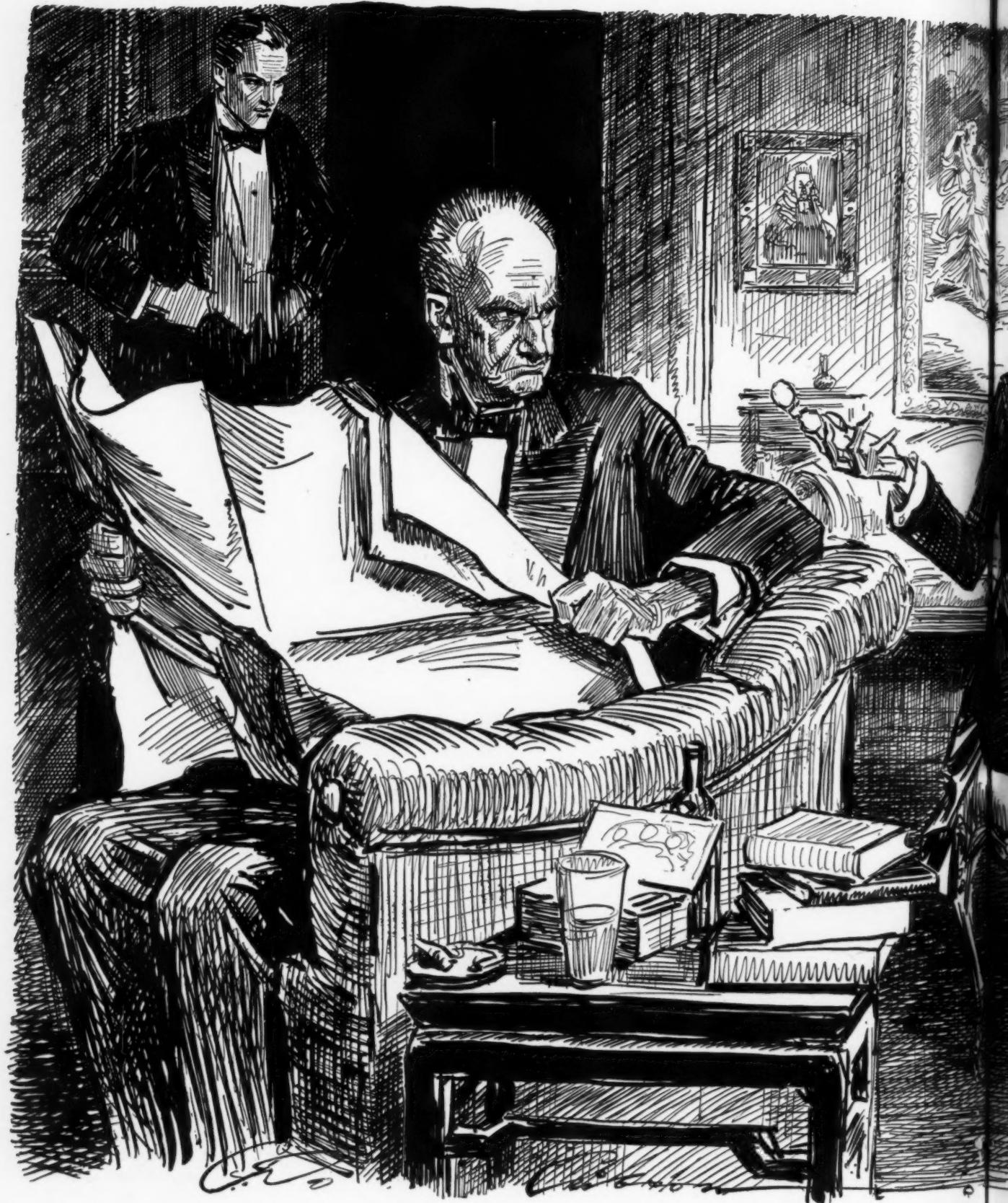
But why, oh why, should Mr. Schwab be so much disturbed?

The natural consequence, the consequence to be expected, of exceptionally useful public service, is to be lied about and defamed. One would think that a man with Bro. Schwab's experience of life would take unjust defamation cheerfully, and wipe it off on the door mat as he would any other kind of mud.

The investigators exonerated him from the expense account and we must all hope that his wonted smile has returned.

E. S. Martin.

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People We Can Get At

THE VERS LIBRE POET WHO READS FR



e Can Get Along Without

WHO READS FROM HIS OWN MASTERPIECES



Bang! Bang!

THE movies have had at least one beneficent effect on the legitimate stage. They have made big "scenic melodramas" like "In the Night Watch" practically an impossibility to do effectively.

When you can see on the screen a real ship sunk in a real ocean, really disappearing from view and leaving the survivors splashing about in a bona fide salt water, there is nothing particularly thrilling in watching a cross section of a papier maché warship, rolling in tiny arcs like the anchored "Mischief" in the wash from the Fall River boat, going jerkily to a watery grave in the depths of a sea of canvas on which a magic lantern is playing. It was too bad that the French cruiser "Alma" had to be sunk by the Germans on the very day after war was declared, but since it had to be, it would have been much better to have had it sunk off the coast of California in front of a movie camera instead of on the stage at the Century Theatre.

In spite of the necessarily odious comparisons, the scene is not without its effectiveness, especially during the flashing of the signal lights previous to what you realize is going to be a sharp little ordnance tilt. The guns take their parts very nicely, all except the one firing the shot which hits *Captain De Corlaix* (Robert Warwick). It barely scrapes his arm.

There has been a large and impressive cast assembled, including Jeanne Eagles and—you will never believe it—Cyril Scott as the villain; but somehow as you leave the theatre you look about for people in blazers riding large, old-fashioned bicycles up and down Central Park West.

δ δ δ δ δ

THE shooting in "Near Santa Barbara" is all done off-stage, but there is a great deal of reaching for the drawer in which the gun is kept. The play itself is a conventional mixture of strong-man talk and comedy relief, with a sheriff, a Japanese boy, a Mexican and a bundle of poker I.O.U.'s. The result, however, is not quite so obvious as it sounds.

Willard Mack wrote the play and Willard Mack is the hero, if any man may be called a hero who has just lost \$14,000 worth of un-negotiable paper at poker. And Clara Joel has some very nice little checkered dresses, aside from being a pleasing person to have about. But the acting honors of the evening must go to Mr. Joseph F. Sweeney, who plays the villain, for his remarkable portrayal of a man who has just received a bloody nose in a fist fight. For realistic scenic effect it has the sinking of the "Alma" in "In the Night Watch" beaten a nautical mile. Incidentally, Mr. Sweeney is the most likeable villain since the days when Lionel Atwill was a snake in the grass.

But someone ought to speak to Charles Abbé, who furnishes a pleasant comedy relief (as well as financial relief in the form of a loan), and tell him that one doesn't read aloud

about the execution of Sydney Carton from the early chapters of "The Tale of Two Cities."



IT looked for a while during the first act of "The New Morality" as if the long-lost comedy for Grace George had been found. As she lay in bed on her Thames house-boat and reviewed the causes and results of the vivid verbal attack she had just made on her neighbor, *Muriel Wister*, there was a perceptible brightening of tired eyes among the special-matinee-goers and the word was passed around that here at last was something worthy of a good comedienne.

And, on the whole, it was. True, after the first act there was a decided change for the worse, while people walked on and off saying much the same thing over and over again in a very polished manner, but somehow you can very easily stand hearing Lawrence Grossmith and Ernest Lawford say the same thing over and over again. It always sounds as if it were good, even if it isn't.

As a play, the thing sort of melts away into nothing under the repeated reference to the excessive summer heat during which the action is supposed to take place, and by the time the last act comes around, it is simply a matter of whether or not Miss George and Mr. Grossmith can keep on talking in a sufficiently amusing manner to last until it is time for the final curtain. There is unquestionably enough talk, and, for the most part, it is very pleasant indeed.

Incidentally, students of the drama will be particularly interested in the tempting-looking hot-weather dinner which is served during the last act. It is the first stage meal to come under the observation of this department that has given any illusion of being at all edible.



FRANCIS WILSON AND DEWOLF HOPPER IN "ERMINIE."

EUGENE O'NEIL'S "Diff'rent" has come up-town from the Provincetown Theatre for a series of special matinees. If, in moving into a regular playhouse it could have taken over a regular cast, it would undoubtedly have been worth seeing. And even as it is, for the most part performed in the manner of something done in the church vestry by the young people of the Intermediate Christian Endeavor, it is a play of considerable power.

A study of sex repression in a New England spinster, the action takes place chiefly behind the narrow chest of *Emma*

Crosby, who, thirty years before, has broken off her engagement because of a reported *liaison* on the part of her betrothed with a South Sea Island belle. The last act, in which the fast aging maiden is deceived by a young lad who is after her money, is a terribly cruel piece of writing. Naturally, having to do with an old maid, the audience thought it was funny. If only the audience, and the present cast, with the exception of Charles Ellis, could be eliminated, "Diff'rent" would be a remarkably fine thing to see.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Apollo.—"Macbeth." To be reviewed later.

Belasco.—"Deburau." The downward career of a famous pantomimist made into a play, artificially written but splendidly produced.

Belmont.—"Miss Lulu Bett." Human nature in its stage débüt. The small town made as vivid as it was in the novel of the same name.

Bijou.—"The Skin Game." Galsworthy's interesting exposition of the undignified fight between the classes in England.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess." George Arliss in a Himalayan melodrama, in which all the recognized devices for thrilling are used with exactly the intended effect.

Century.—"In the Night Watch." Reviewed in this issue.

Empire.—"Mary Rose." One of the least tangible of Barrie's works, and, for sympathetic souls, one of the most moving.

Frazeé.—"The Woman of Bronze." A remarkable piece of emotional acting by Margaret Anglin.

Garrison.—"Heartbreak House." Shaw at his wordiest, and, for the most part, at his best. Social satire excellently presented.

Greenwich Village.—"Near Santa Barbara." Reviewed in this issue.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Spanish Love." Courting in the hot sun and what it does to you. You will recognize the bright colors at least.

Moroso.—"The Bat." Crime melodrama complicated beyond your wildest dreams.

Playhouse.—"Thy Name Is Woman." José Ruben and Mary Nash proving that even in the Pyrenees it doesn't pay for a woman to push a mean man too far.

Princess.—"The Emperor Jones." A terrific and unforgettable bit of acting by Charles Gilpin.

Provincetown.—"The Spring." Notice later.

Sixty-Third Street.—"Mixed Marriage." Interesting Irish play by St. John Ervine, enhanced by the presence of Margaret Wycherly.

Thirty-Ninth Street.—"Samson and Delilah." Ben-Ami in a tragedy of modern

domestic life, making it memorable by his playing of the part of a crazed poet.

Times Square.—"The Mirage." A bit of the old, old stuff, improved by Florence Reed but not enough to excuse it.

Comedy and Things Like That

Astor.—"Cornered." Combination crook-and-psychic drama, all very stagy, but Madge Kennedy is in it.

George M. Cohan.—"The Tavern." A glorious burlesque of romantic drama, the like of which has never been seen before.

Cohan and Harris.—"Welcome Stranger." Cheap but interesting rustic comedy with race prejudice as a novel feature.

Comedy.—"The Bad Man." Holbrook Blinn as a charming bandit whose gun and satirical sense help clear up things along the Mexican border.

Cort.—"Transplanting Jean." From the French, and not very far from it either. Margaret Lawrence and Arthur Byron lend a respectable and entertaining note.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." What they mean when they say that our drama is decadent.

Forty-Eighth Street.—"The Broken Wing." Popular combination of airplane smash, Mexican-English slang and amnesia.

Fulton.—"Enter Madame." A highly amusing light comedy, dealing with such home-life as a prima donna has.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'." Seats now on sale for the 5,000th performance in 1928.

Henry Miller.—"Wake Up, Jonathan." Mrs. Fiske in a comedy about the glory of poetic poverty. The season's most poignant tragedy.

Hudson.—"The Meanest Man in the World." Snappy business talk made into an entertaining if conventional play. Dress suits in the last act.

Little.—"The First Year." Looking in at the window of any average American home. Just about the most continuously funny play in town.

Longacre.—"The Champion." Grant Mitchell lending a saving moderation to what would otherwise be a comedy of immoderate blatancy, calculated to show how much freer we are than the inhabitants of England.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers." A highly successful play about the life of a chorus girl, with Ina Claire in the lead.

Nora Bayes.—"Three Live Ghosts." Three war veterans, reported missing, return to life, with more amusing results than you would think to hear about it.

Playhouse.—"The New Morality." Grace George in a series of special matinees. Reviewed in this issue.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Manhattan in 1810, inhabited by young men who were some day to become famous and Miss Genevieve Tobin dressed as a boy.

Punch and Judy.—"Rollo's Wild Oat." Delightfully inconsequential bit about an amateur Hamlet, played just as it should be played by Roland Young.

Republic.—"Dear Me." Advancing the revolutionary theory that everything will come out all right in the last act if you are happy and help others to be happy. No fault can be found with the theory, or with Hale Hamilton and Grace LaRue; so you may take it or leave it.

Selwyn.—"The Prince and the Pauper." William Faversham in a colorful production of Mark Twain's romantic tale.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Ambassador.—"The Rose Girl." To be reviewed next week.

Central.—"Afgar." Alice Delysia in a Frenchy spectacle consisting of gowns designed by Poiret and American jokes designed for the smoking-car trade.

Globe.—"Tip-Top." Fred Stone in a highly agreeable evening's entertainment consisting of good singing, dancing and Fred Stone.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." Good and big.

Knickerbocker.—"Mary." Tuneful music and hurricane dancing.

Liberty.—"Lady Billy." If you like Mitzi, you'll like this.

Lyric.—"Her Family Tree." Nora Bayes in an elaborate production of the kind of fun for which Nora Bayes is famous.

New Amsterdam.—"Sally." A combination of music, dancing and falling, with Marilyn Miller and Leon Errol, which is very satisfactory indeed.

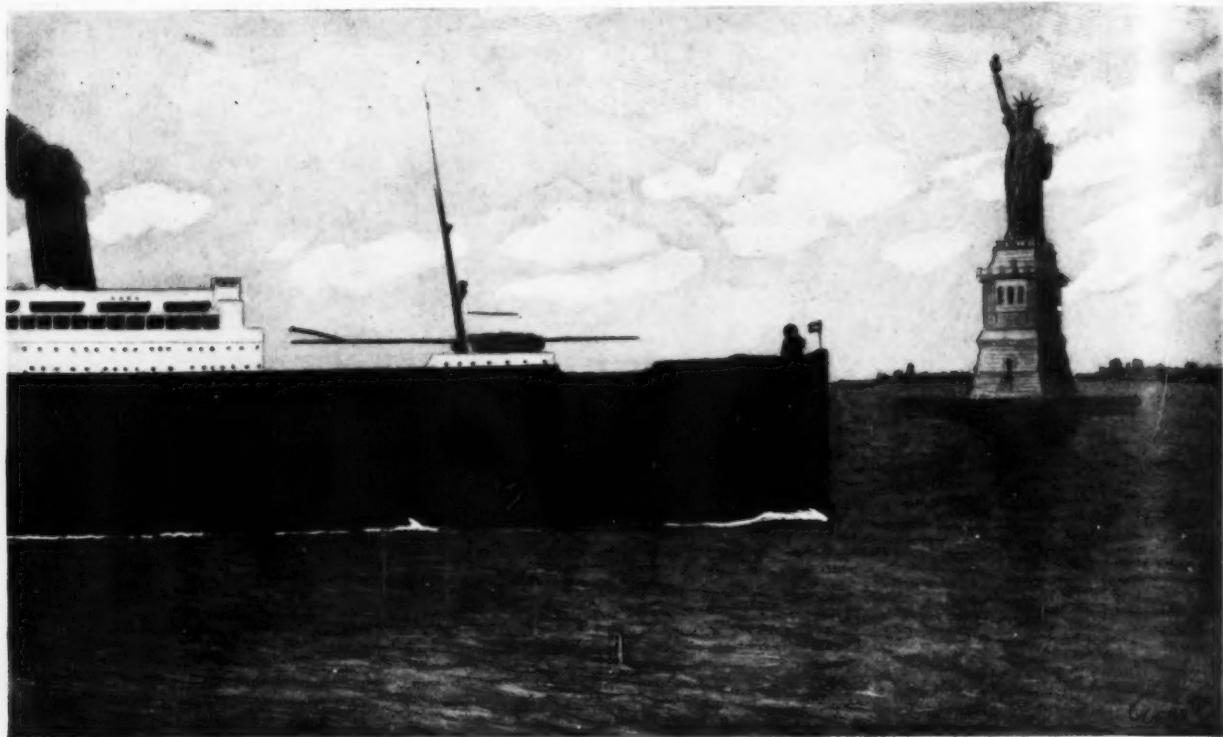
Park.—"Erminie." Francis Wilson and DeWolf Hopper in a revival of an old favorite which was well worth reviving.

Shubert.—"The Greenwich Village Folies." A great deal of nothing in particular, presented with good taste and beauty. Also Savoy and Brennan, neither beautiful nor in good taste, but very funny.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Holding the long-distance record for musical comedies for a very obvious reason.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1921." Much indifferent comedy, with flashes of good stuff, and a really beautiful ballet.





THE SOLUTION

IMMIGRANT HORDES SWARMING TO OUR SHORES ONE WEEK AFTER THE SUNDAY BLUE LAWS

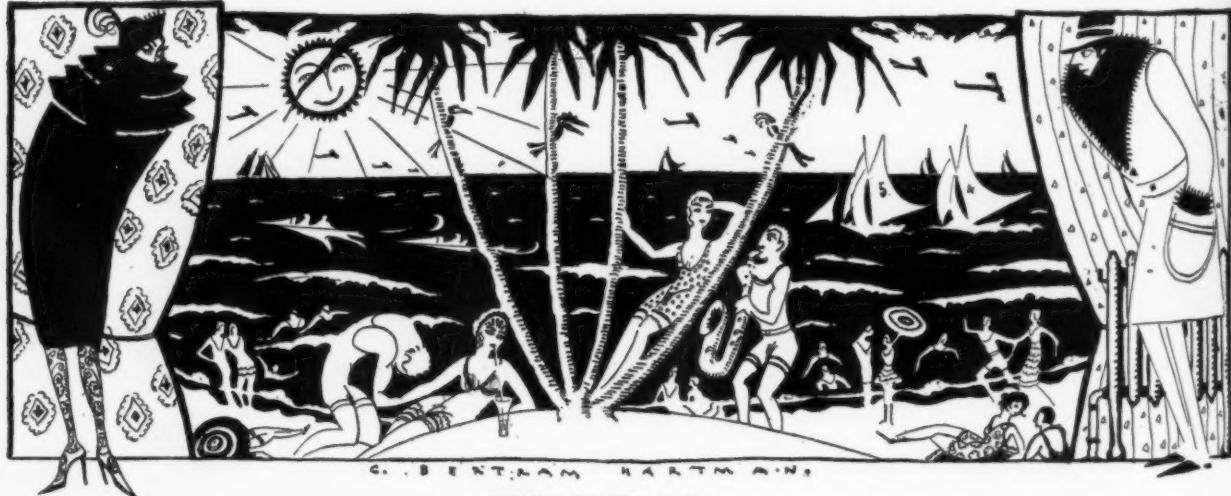
Transience and Permanence

BABIES arrive, mature, age, die;
We know not how, we know not why,
Nor ever shall. Old Adam knew
No less than modern sages do.
We fight for life; we think it dear;
Long as we may, we linger here.
These are the only facts we know:
We come; we stay a while; we go.

The idly curious wonder oft
Why, since so soon it must be doffed,
We mortals take on life at all.
To silent Heaven our voices call
For answer to this puzzle queer—
No reassuring voice we hear.
In dumb despair we sadly sing:
“The transiency of everything!”

Yet when we realize that men
Do o'er and o'er and o'er again
Some things the primal ape-man did
Ten backward steps toward the squid;
That every tendency, begun
By thought conceived or action done
Since earth went hurtling from the sun,
Shall live till mankind's race is run—
This, then, the thought that must appall:
“The permanency of it all!”

Strickland Gillilan.



TROPICAL FOLLIES OF 1921.

SOCIETY

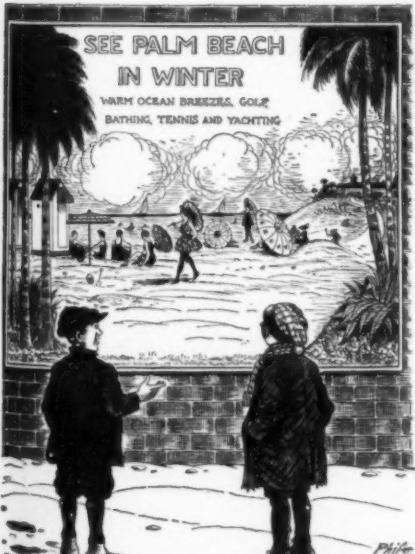
MR. and Mrs. Purssey Strut entertained informally at dinner on Thursday evening. There were only eight guests present and seven butlers. All wore clothes, including the ladies. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Van Damme Expense, the Brazen Pushers and the Hon. Munnie Duzzyt, who likes golf even better than she does bridge.

The Ammi Innits are due at Palm Beach to-morrow afternoon. Their cars were sent on ahead by steamship, and it is to be hoped will arrive in time. Mrs. Ammi Innit is accompanied on her arduous journey by the Earl of Graftmere, who has three African lions to his credit.

Mr. Trowsers Van Guzzle will not be with us this year. An unfortunate accident to his wine cellar has compelled his hurried departure for Paris. He will be followed by his yacht, the Alcoholia.

The Bbrowne-Rrobynssons are slowly recuperating in the mountains of Virginia from the distressing robbery of Mrs. Rrobynsson's pearls, \$160,000 worth of which were torn from her back while she was emerging from one of her Monday evenings at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mayor Hylan is deeply chagrined.

Mr. F. Somewhat Pumpkyns received a new scarf yesterday from his haberdash-



"WONDER IF THEY IS A PLACE LIKE THAT IN WINTER, EDDIE?"
"NAW, 'COURSE NOT! IT'S JEST ADVERTISING A NEW MOVIE."



Poor Fish.

ers, Messrs. Gaspel and Gaspel. It was prepared to order under the personal direction of Miss Pinkie Goshwotta Pyle, and is said to harmonize perfectly with Freddie's complexion.

Mrs. Boodle-Galore tried out her new multiplane Wednesday afternoon at Garden City. She was assisted into the machine by his Grace of Goutford, who came on from Newport, where he is staying with the Shaidie Pasts. Mrs. Boodle-Galore was up for an hour and spoke very favorably of the way New York looked this season. The Duke continues in good spirits.

Mrs. Hookairs Enniweigh crossed upper Fifth Avenue on foot yesterday morning. She was accompanied by only two under-grooms.

Books the Golfer Would Choose

Great Expectations.
Over the Top.
The Rough Road.
The Long Roll.
Ninety-three.
The Inside of the Cup.
Twice-Told Tales.

FATHER, have you cut all four of your wisdom teeth?"

"Yes, son. I have purchased a used car, accepted a nomination, been chairman of a local reception committee, and married your mother."

YOU have never had any auto accidents, have you?"

"Not over thirty days in jail."

THE SILENT DRAMA



The Kid

WHEN we announce that "The Kid" is a trifle better than anything Charlie Chaplin has ever done before, our readers can take it for granted that we have indulged in all the superlatives in the vocabulary. This superiority, strangely enough, is not entirely due to the great Charlot himself; for a goodly share of the credit must be wrapped up and handed to little Jack Coogan, whose rendition of the title rôle will serve to identify him as the Samuel Rzeschewski of the screen. He has a highly developed power of emotional appeal, and a genius for the droll which marks him as an apt pupil of his famous preceptor. A sympathetic child comedian is indeed a welcome anomaly.

Chaplin, as always, demonstrates the marvelous quality which, in the cinema world, is so exclusively his own—the ability to be coarse without being offensive; to mix Rabelaisian wit with Chesterfieldian delicacy.

That is where Charlie Chaplin differs from the rest.

The Devil

"THE DEVIL" may be ranked as one of those unfortunate productions which suffer from a superabundance of advance notices. Too many people accept the press agents at their word, and go to the picture expecting to see a "masterly creation" (we quote the ads) with "flawless, brilliant and indelible characterizations." With expectations like that they are bound to be disappointed. However, they do see an interesting and occasionally dramatic picture, badly photographed, well-acted throughout, and, in the case of George Arliss, a remarkably finished performance. Mr. Arliss is a consummate artist, and, because of the eloquent pliability of his countenance, well adapted to the movies. We look forward to a screen version of "Disraeli."

The Education of Elizabeth

LAMENTABLE though it may seem, there is a growing conviction among the theatrical cognoscenti that Billie Burke belongs in the silent drama, rather than the more noisy variety.

Unfortunately, "The Education of Elizabeth" will only tend to strengthen this conviction, for it more than stands the test of comparison with anything she has done on the stage for a long time. Her rôle is that of an exuberant chorus girl who invades the home of a straight-laced, solemn-visaged family that is hung over from the mohair sofa era. The object, of course, is matrimony; and it is achieved in a pleasantly amusing way.

Miss Burke is supported by a competent cast, and extraordinarily good photography.

Man-Woman-Marriage

THOSE who wish to retain some illusions about motion pictures will do well to pass gently over the following lines, with head averted. For we are about to discuss the world's worst movie.

"Man-Woman-Marriage" is as crude, offensive, vulgar and dull a spectacle as we have ever witnessed on stage or screen. It is a grotesque hodgepodge about woman's rights through the ages (interminable ages they are, too) with a great deal of ham allegory and cheap religious drool, used to cloud the real motif—which is sex appeal. An indication of the general quality of the picture may be gathered from one of the sub-titles, wherein a kiss is described as, "The sublimely beautiful by-play of the mating instinct."

We are told that it cost half a million dollars to produce "Man-Woman-Marriage."

Well, well!

Presentation

MOST of the films reviewed in this department are seen at the principal New York theatres, the Rialto, Rivoli, Criterion, Strand and Capitol; and we hope, in the near future, to say something of the gratifying progress in motion-picture presentation that has been made in these and similar theatres throughout the country. As a result of this progress, an appreciation of good music has been developed in people who previously never thought of Wagner except as the greatest shortstop of baseball history.

Robert E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

(Arranged as nearly as possible in order of seniority.)

WAY DOWN EAST (*Griffith*).—Richard Bartholemew, Lillian Gish, and a lot of ice.

OVER THE HILL (*Fox*).—Another truly rural drama, without a dry eye in the house.

THE MARK OF ZORRO (*United Artists*).—A wonderful picture, with Douglas Fairbanks thrown in.

KISMET (*Robertson-Cole*).—Houris, caplips, wazirs and Otis Skinner in a stupendous production.

THE TESTING BLOCK (*Paramount*).—Bill Hart puts a few more dents in the bull's-eye of popular favor.

PASSION (*First National*).—Imported goods of exceptionally high quality.

NINETEEN AND PHYLLIS (*First National*).—Charles Ray as the resourceful Beau Brummell of a Southern town.

THE LOVE LIGHT (*United Artists*).—Mary Pickford tries hard to make up for the story, but it is a losing fight.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS (*Associated Producers*).—A fine picture with a title written by James Fenimore Cooper. The rest is all new.

BLIND WIVES (*Fox*).—An unsuccessful attempt to point a lesson in economy.

BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS (*Goldwyn*).—Charming and commendable comedy.

THE FRONTIER OF THE STARS (*Paramount*).—Thomas Meighan and a great deal of hokum.

POLLY WITH A PAST (*Metro*).—A mild affair, with Ina Claire.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT (*Paramount*).—Lavish and interesting production by Cecil B. De Mille.

BLACK BEAUTY (*Vitagraph*).—Stirring melodrama with bad costumes.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE (*First National*).—Lionel Barrymore as a comedian, and a darned good one, too.

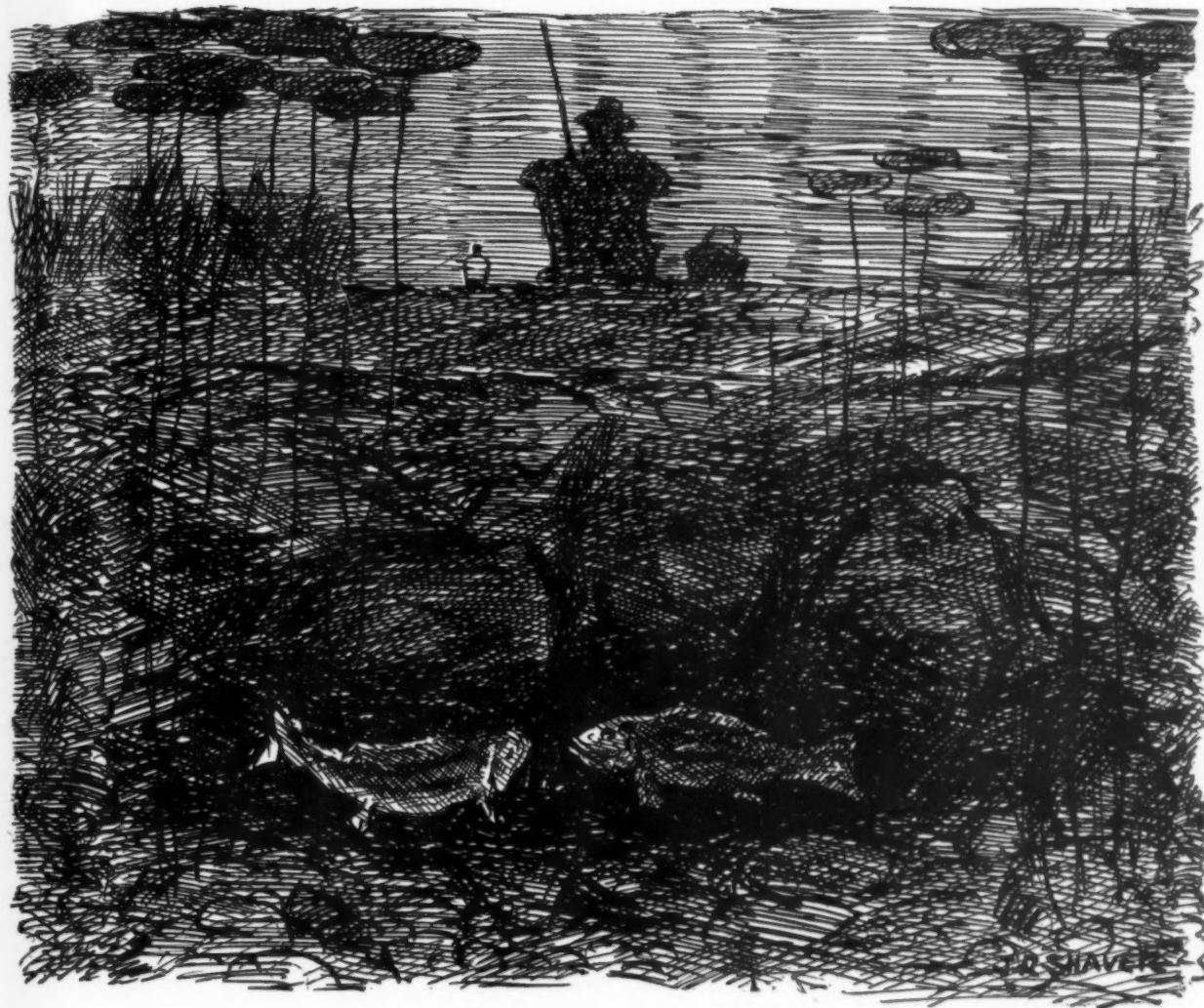
SOMETHING DIFFERENT (*Realart*).—Constance Binney goes South in search of romance, and gets it.

PAYING THE PIPER (*Paramount*).—Expensive display of wealth and Dorothy Dickson. It is all right except for the wealth.

OUTSIDE THE LAW (*Universal*).—Priscilla Dean and a lot of other pleasant thrills.

THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE (*Metro*).—May Allison in a rather bad mutilation of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel. Moderately interesting.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—"Brewster's Millions," "The Off-Shore Pirate," "Hold Your Horses," "The First Born."



The Wise One: DON'T WORRY! HE'LL BE GOING SOON. HIS BOTTLE IS ALMOST EMPTY.

The Literary Mother Goose

TWINKLE, twinkle, little Shaw!
Why should I hold you in awe,
Shouting all your moods on high
Like a billboard in the sky?

Sing a song of Merrick,
A kitchen full of cooks;
Four and twenty prefaces
In one set of books!
When the books were opened
They all began to say
"Isn't this a dainty dish?
We think so, anyway!"

H. G. Wells,
Eleven diff'rent Hells;
Where is Heaven? What is God?
H. G. Wells!

Oliver Lodge he felt a strange call,
Oliver Lodge he had a great fall;
All of our critics, each armed with a pen,
Couldn't make Oliver sober again.

Daisy wrote a little book
At ten years old or so;
And everywhere that Barrie's read
The book is sure to go

There was a man in Five Towns,
And he was wondrous human;
He wrote a book about a man,
Another 'bout a woman;
And when he saw the books were good,
With all his might and main
He straightway wrote another book
And labeled it "These Twain."
F. Gregory Hartwick.

Why Not?

There is no reason why the people of Memphis should move about so much.
—*The Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

WOULD they be good Americans if they didn't? It is the main business of Americans to move about. The real-estate business in America would suffer if they didn't, and what would America be without the real-estate business?

A Wise Man

WIFE: This new cook is no good. Do you think I'd better find fault with her?

HUSBAND: Find all the fault you want to with her—but only to me!

COMMON sense is about the only article not being advertised.



Smile and the World Smiles With You

Uses of a Dictionary—"I want to be procrastinated at de nex' corner," said the negro passenger to the tram-car conductor.

"You want to be what?" demanded the conductor.

"Don' lose your temper. I had to look in de dictionary myself befo' I found out dat 'procrastinate' means 'put off.'"

—*Japan Advertiser (Tokyo)*.

Advance Notice—The lady best known as Daisy Ashford has now a daughter. Look out for a new "infant prodigy" book in next year's publishers' announcements!—*Passing Show (London)*.

Hereditary—Stories concerning victims of wifely prattle recall a poignant one told by a headmaster who wrote on a boy's report, "A good worker, but talks too much."

The rule of the school was that during the holidays each boy must get his report endorsed by his father. In this case the report came back with a brief comment attached: "You should hear his mother."

—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

The Idle Practitioner—"You're writing poetry, doctor?"

"Yes; to kill time."

"Haven't you any patients any more?"
—*Sans-Gêne (Paris)*.

The Welcome Suitor—Wealthy Bachelor (*paying call*): I can't stand these very clever women; I'll never marry one.

Matron (*aside to daughter*): Look stupid, dearie.

—*Fliegende Blätter (Munich)*.



"REALLY, MY WATCH MUST BE A QUARTER OF A SECOND SLOW!"—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.

Gratitude—Died, at Old Cove, last Sunday night, Old Beck, E. A. Little's mule, 30 years old. Mr. Little tells us that this old mule made him what he has to-day.—*Cove Correspondent of the Mena (Ga.) Star*.

Domestic Economy—Maid: Please, sir, missus wants you to telephone for the plumber, 'cos she's dropped 'er diamond ring down the bath-pipe.

Master: Tell your mistress not to be ridiculous—I'll buy her another diamond ring.—*Bystander (London)*.

Ought to Have Given Thanks—Railway Porter (*to irate passenger*): Howling because you are late? You got here right side up, with your head, your legs and your arms—and yet you have the nerve to complain!

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris)*.

The Voice of the People?—A notice in the Kansas City *Star*, "contributed in the interest of government by the people":

"The Republicans and Democrats that won the county and state elections are in no mood to be trifled with by political professionals trying to reap personal reward. They demand their interests be not subordinated to those of any clique. To all the people belong the spoils. Woe be to those attempting to deprive them of them!"

A Companion Piece—Retired Dealer in Pork (*inspecting picture of pig*): How much do you want for it?

Artist: Fifty pounds.

Retired Dealer: Right-o. Now could you do one of me in a reclining position, to match?—*Punch*.

Equality—Judge Henderson remembers the time when the old-fashioned woman used to be satisfied with the society page, but now she wants the whole newspaper.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat*.

Otherwise All Right—"She is absolutely unbearable," said a famous man with marked emphasis of a well-known woman of fashion; but, as if he had gone too far, and wanted, in sheer charity, to take something off what he had said, he added, "It is her only defect."—*Windsor Magazine (London)*.

You First!—Disarmament is like a formal event in society—none wants to arrive till all the rest are there.

—*Nashville Tennessean*.



Poet: THE BURGLARS HAVE BEEN IN.
Artist: YES, WHAT HAPPENED?
"SEARCHED MY ROOM AND THEN GAVE ME A SHILLING." —*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

Among Those Absent—Mr. Mugg: Anything in the newspapers, dear?

Mrs. Mugg: Not much, love. Mrs. Gaybird, the well-known society leader, having remembered that she has not seen her daughter for the last five days, has notified the police that the girl is missing.

—*Answers (London)*.



MODERN AMBITIONS

Proud Father: WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?
Chorus of Children: A MONEY CHANGER . . . A FLOUR ADULTERATOR . . . I WANT TO DERAIL RAILROAD TRAINS.

—*Le Rire (Paris)*.



YOU HAVE always known there would be such a car. You have felt it would be beautiful with the beauty of true proportion and deliberate grace. You have known it would be strong with the strength of unflawed metal and authentic skill. Silence would be the eloquent advocate of its merit * * Thinking these things, and how other cars wonderfully fine have only narrowly failed of this image, surely we were bold indeed who should seek in such an enterprise to be successful. Surely we had need religiously to compact in this all that the past has proved and, not incautiously, that the future promised. For ours was to be a car which constantly should do quietly and with ease what many another might not do at all. Such a car as might with safety and with honor uphold upon its finished excellence our future and our hopes * * We offer it to you now. And if in so offering it there is evident some slender trace of pride, it is such pride as rightfully may be found in the knowledge of how earnestly we have tried to make it fine * * It is beautiful and quiet and strong. It will serve you brilliantly and well.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS

L A F A Y E T T E





Sounds Like Hermione

A certain young lady with clicking high heels and generally dressed to the mode appeared at a school for training social workers recently in order to ascertain the requirements for admission. An artist friend of hers, she said, had told her that she ought to be doing some active work for social progress, since whenever he saw her he always wished "to paint her with a tenement baby in her arms."—Survey.

Foretaste

"Yes, my doctor has put me on a diet. It's just an hour until my dinner time and I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"How long have you been on a diet?"
"I start with my next meal."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Reversal of Form

YOUNG DAUGHTER: But, mother, I'm old enough now to wear short skirts!

—New York World.



Civil Surgeon: WELL MAC, YOU'LL SOON BE FIT AGAIN—THANKS ENTIRELY TO YOUR WONDERFUL CONSTITUTION.

Mac: WEEL, YE MIGHT REMEMBER THAT WHEN YE SEND IN THE BILL.

—Looker-On (Calcutta).

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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

Foretold

The cub reporter was grinding out a marriage notice. Finally he brought it up and laid it on the city editor's desk:

"Mr. and Mrs. Blank announce to-day the marriage of their daughter to take place next Monday—"

"Huh," grunted the editor, "you can't say they announced a marriage yet to take place."

Again the cub jabbed away at his typewriter. And when he brought it back this time it read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Blank predicted to-day the marriage of their daughter."

—New York Evening Post.

Timely

THE FISHERMAN: I suppose this rain will do a lot of good, Pat?

PAT: Ye may well say that, Sorr. An hour of ut now will do more good in five minutes than a month of ut would do in a week at any other time.

—Punch.

REPUBLICS are forgetful. If a gallant doughboy did put on his hero medal and wore it downtown people would think he was a delegate to some two-by-four convention.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The BUSINESS WOMAN

WE plan our service for the Woman in Business in the belief that the same excellencies which are appreciated by the Business Man are also appreciated by the Business Woman. Hollenden Service has always included the refinements required by the Hollenden type of guests, both men and women.

The HOLLOWDEN
CLEVELAND

RATES
with Bath
Single \$3.00 to \$6.00
Double \$5.00 to \$7.00
Twin Beds \$6.00
to \$8.00



"O-O-OH, THE SUN'S GOIN' TO GET SOAKIN' WET."

THE LATEST BOOKS

LIFE'S Choice

Five Best Current Books.
The Outline of History, by H. G. Wells.

If you want to read history, here's the book to read it from. Don't mind what the trite folks say.

Moon-Calf, by Floyd Dell.

Small-town youth caught between inner urge and outer pressure. No serious casualties.

Main Street, by Sinclair Lewis.

More small town. Relentlessly satirical, but you'll laugh, even if the heroine doesn't.

The Autobiography of Margot Asquith. What Mrs. Asquith knows about British political and social personages. And what doesn't she know!

The Age of Innocence, by Edith Wharton.

A brilliant satiric study of New York society fifty years ago, in its salad days.

Rhymed Reviews

Seed of the Sun

(By Wallace Irwin. Geo. H. Doran Co.)

HERE Wallace Irwin, bowed with woe
And sundry forms of *atra cura*,
Denounces California's foe,
His erstwhile faithful Hashimura.

To Sacramento's realm of June

There came the lovely widow, Anna;
Her ranch produced the gentle prune,
Our breakfast-table's wonted manna.

Around her place on every hand

Were Japanese, so quaintly charming;
They tried to buy her strip of land,
But Anna guessed she'd stick to
farming.

What need their strategems to tell—
Their strikes, their bribes with check
or specie?

Those heathen made the lady sell,
And then she married Duncan Leacy.

Now Anna learned that schemes like these
(Tazumi gave the information),
Are planned to make the Japanese
The great, commanding race and nation.

No matter who may go to smash,
Or what the purpose, clear or hidden,
Their Government supplies the cash,
The people do as they are bidden.

For, children of a heavenly line
(So write the Nipponese recorders),
They hold their Emperor divine
And never question what he orders.

But if such tales be wholly true,
Or where to turn for help or solace,
Or what to think, or say, or do,
Sure, I don't know—inquire of Wallace!

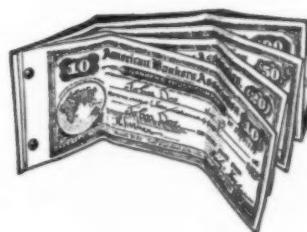
Arthur Guiterman.



ENJOY LIFE

For those who are in a position to travel there is no advantage in arguing with a bitter-tongued March wind. The warm beaches of Florida and southern California offer far more inviting companionship. As in seasons past, already a great number of travelers are now departing with their wallets of

"A·B·A" American Bankers Association Cheques



These are safe, convenient and acceptable funds wherever presented and go a long way towards adding to the pleasure of your trip.

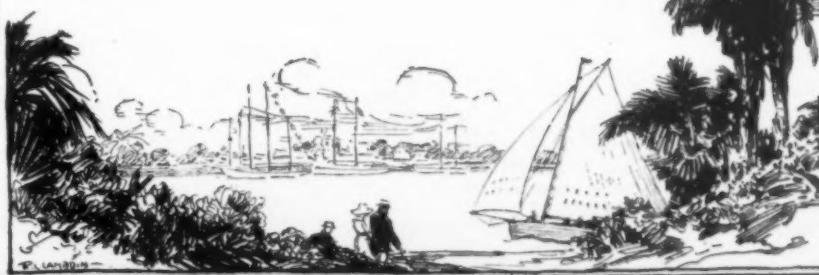
Issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, in leather wallets—at almost any bank in the United States and Canada.

For full information write to

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

New York

Paris



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

His Likeness

The old and highly esteemed coachman of a family has at last resigned himself to a pension and a lodge-gate keeper's duties—if he is by no means resigned to the sight of the chauffeur who now reigns in his stead. The blow of the loss of his post has been softened slightly by the presentation of a handsome portrait, or, as he calls it, "likeness," of himself, in full regalia, a pair of his favorite horses cavorting nobly under his whip. The old man is right well pleased with the effect, and so is his good dame, though, when questioned as to the portrait's resemblance to her husband, her answer was somewhat equivocal. "Very like," she said, "but particular the buttons."

—*London Morning Post.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

An Old Word Dismissed

"In the future we will have no such thing as war."

"No," agreed the grim scientist. "If my present experiments in lethal devices meet my hopes, we'll have something very much worse."—*Washington Star.*

Tempered

SYMPATHETIC VISITOR (to disciple of much-criticised art group): Really, I think critics are horrid! Your things aren't nearly as bad as they're painted!

—*Passing Show (London.)*

Sure Relief



Send for a Keg
of pure, Unadulterated, Undoctor'd
Grape Juice

The pure juice of the grape just as it comes from the press. Send us \$37.50 today for a 15-gallon keg and we will deliver it to you by express prepaid. Money refunded promptly if not entirely satisfied. References: Dun or Bradstreet. Write for prices on half-barrel or barrel lots. Address, Brocton Fruit Products Co., 11 Main St., Brocton, N. Y.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

Plain End or Cork Tip



30¢

Stogart & Sons Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



People of culture and refinement invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette

Sad, but Apparently True

An indolent, unemployed pagan god Wrote some verses once. And isn't it odd No one knows the name, nor a word can quote

Of the idyl the idle idol wrote?

—*New York Sun.*

Positive Pleasure

Two dentists were talking "shop."

One remarked:

"My treatment is so painless that it often happens that my patients fall asleep while I am attending to their teeth."

The other dentist gave a deprecating shrug of his shoulders.

"Pooh, pooh, my dear man! That is nothing!" he cried. "You should see my place with all the latest improvements. Why, my patients nearly always ask me to send a message to fetch a photographer so that they can be photographed with the expression of gladness which my patent dental treatment alone can give them."

—*Answers (London).*

The Burden of Proof
Advertisement in the Idaho Falls Register:

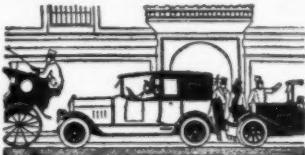
A lady's leather handbag left in my car while parked on Park avenue two weeks ago. Owner can have same by calling at my office, proving the property and paying for this ad. If she will explain to my wife that I had nothing to do with its being there, I will pay for the ad.

Room or Ruffles?

A woman entered a department store recently and asked: "Where is the lingerie?"

"D'y mean the rest-room?" queried the salesgirl.—*Boston Transcript.*

FROM now on the ambition of the small boy will be to grow up to be a judge and get \$42,000 a year for using an annual pass to ball games.—*Marion Star.*



The BILTMORE

Where the social life of New York centers by day and evening



CLOSE
TO ALL THEATRES
AND SHOPS

MOTORS 1/4 HP

ALL SIZES MOTORS AND GENERATORS UP TO 5 H.P.
In Stock at All Times

Largest exclusive Mail Order Small Motor dealers in the world. Write for bargain mailing

MANUFACTURERS
CHAS. H. JOHNSTON - BOX 81 - WEST END, PITTSBURGH, PA.

"Old Town Canoes"

To the rhythmic swing of the paddles, an "Old Town" speeds along mile after mile—swiftly, silently. It is so light that every stroke gets instant response. It will float in the shallowest water. "Old Town Canoes" give years of service. They are staunch and steady. Write for catalog. 3,000 canoes in stock. \$71 up from dealer or factory.

OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY
1132 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.





PREHISTORIC DAYS
FATE OF THE PROFITEER.

Important Ceremony

In a certain town—way down South—whose name has nothing to do with my story, there is an early morning tram which is well known as the "Cooks' Special," inasmuch as it is the car which carries the help to their daily-work, I was going to say. Now it has become a habit for the cook to present herself before her mistress as soon as she arrives, not for orders (don't you think it), but to retail the latest gossip gathered on the way up the hill on the aforementioned "Cooks' Special."

One morning Annie-Lou came slowly shuffling up the hill, entered the kitchen, and even before her customary "Good morning," she drawled out:

"Mr. Will Downing's going ter get married."

"Nonsense, Annie-Lou!" I replied. "I'm very sure you are mistaken."

"Is yer?" said Annie-Lou, with a knowing smile. "I tells yer that Mr. Will Downing is going ter get married. I knows it, an' he's going ter marry Miss Mary Doughty 'most 'fo' you's aware, an' what's mo', his sister's going to give 'em a shower-bath next Saturday evening."

Looking Backward

MISS ELDERBERRY: Wonderful book, Mr. Wells' "Outline of History." Do you know, I hadn't the least idea so many things had happened before I was born.

MISS CAUSTIQUE: And in such a short space of time!



Old Hampshire Stationery

SOME of the letters you write will be kept and cherished. The paper they are written on is part of the record thus preserved.

Time may blur the enthusiasms your letters aroused, but the Old Hampshire Stationery, on which you write, will never cease to evoke a suggestion of something fine.

May we send you some free samples of the Old Hampshire letter paper and envelopes?

Fine Stationery Department.
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
South Hadley Falls, Mass.
Makers of Old Hampshire Bond

PENNSYLVANIA Quality LAWN MOWERS



The "Pennsylvania Trio" is the culmination of the famous Pennsylvania Quality Line. It embodies all the exclusive quality features.

No other mower will cut grass on golf courses, big estates or parks as efficiently, economically or speedily.

The "Pennsylvania Golf" has no rival when close cutting is required on tennis courts, putting-greens and lawns. It trims $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch. All its blades are crucible tool steel; self-sharpening.

Write for "Pennsylvania Book"

PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER WORKS, Inc.
1625 N. 23rd STREET, PHILADELPHIA



WHAT IS SHE LOOKING AT?

She is only one of a number who will appear in Mr. Gibson's picture in next week's LIFE.

People We CAN'T Get Along Without

No. 1. LIFE
and that comes pretty close to
exhausting the list.



On the other hand, the number of

People We CAN Get Along Without

is practically unlimited.

LIFE is collecting and classifying them,
illustrated with illuminating diagrams
by Charles Dana Gibson.

Watch every issue from now on, and see how closely LIFE's list of undesirables tallies with your own.

Coming

Next Week: A continuation of the Gibson series, together with innumerable other features.

Issue of March 3: The 2000th number, in which LIFE modestly celebrates himself.

Issue of March 10: The Great Naughty number. Have you ever been naughty? Perhaps, after all, the less said about this number the better.

Issue of March 17: Easter.

These are only a few of the special numbers to come. Obey that impulse.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20 Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for three months beginning with the first issue in March.

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 166
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

Tragedy

An innocent liquid they started to make,
As safe as there was to be had.
But a little yeast cake was dropped in by
mistake,
Which sent the whole works to the bad!
—Philander Johnson, in Washington Star.

The Lucky Fifth—“Nice children you have. Which is this?”

“The fifth.”

“He seems to be the healthiest-looking of the lot.”

“Yes, by the time he came along his mother had run out of theories.”

—*Boston Transcript.*

Much in Little—A baby will make love stronger, days shorter, night longer, bank roll smaller, home happier, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten and the future worth living for.—*Office Topics.*

How Business Men Keep Their Spirits Up—“Cancel my order at once,” came the telegram to the factory. The owner perpetrated the only new joke in the millennium. His telegram in reply read: “Your order cannot be cancelled at once. You must take your turn.”

—*New York Evening Post.*

Elevating the Movies—Moving-picture operators, disgusted by the demands that are being made on them by their stars, threaten to go into stores, factories and lunch rooms for talent to take their places. Well, they ought to experience no difficulty in the matter, for, believe you us, dearie, you know it yourself, there's a lotta us girls at owny have ta be give a chanct tuh make them four-flushin' scream vamps look like a Cox minority in a Republican year, ain't it th' truth?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Losing Caste—First Social Leader: But I've dropped calling on the Phiz-Stantons.

Second Social Leader: How is that, my dear?

“Oh, no longer of our set. Their burlar only calls twice a week now, you know.”—*Bulletin (Sydney).*

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

EUROPE 1921

Parties enrolling now. Moderate prices.
Most interesting routes. Great success 1920.
65-H Franklin Street
Boston, Mass.



On the Basis of Facts

The life of our country is built around its Public Utilities. Our social, industrial and Government activities could not exist today without the continued operation of their indispensable services.

That such services may be extended and developed to be of the greatest use to the greatest number, the Federal Government and practically all the states have appointed Public Service Commissioners as permanent tribunals to regulate public utilities with fairness to all concerned.

Facts as to the past and studies as to the future, the Bell Companies find are essential to the proper management and development of their business. This information is open to study by these Commissioners and through them by the public generally.

The solution of the problem of building up and maintaining the public utilities, which is of the greatest importance to the people of this country, is assured whenever all the facts are known and given their due weight.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System Universal Service
And all directed toward Better Service



In Reply to Irvin S. Cobb

I READ with keen interest Irvin S. Cobb's "Am I Psychic or Am I Not?" in LIFE's Christmas Number. I admire the subtle humor with which he cloaked a phenomenon arising from a purely physical condition by hint of the supernatural. The question is, what particular alcoholic beverage do American humorists visiting in France usually indulge in to excess?

D. E. B.

The Manor
Albemarle Park
Asheville, N.C.

One of those "wholly satisfying" places found once in a while and never forgotten; perfect service, concentrated comfort. An "all year" resort for pleasure and sport exclusively.

Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate.
Write for booklet "L".
Make Reservation.

In America - An English Inn





ABRAHAM LINCOLN

prepared himself in advance for the things that might happen in the future. He anticipated circumstances and was thus able to meet them when they came.

Are you anticipating the years ahead of YOU, when the stress of time will bear heaviest on your physical efficiency—and especially on your EYESIGHT?

Prepare against vision defects of tomorrow by having your OPTOMETRIST examine your eyes today.

If you do not know an OPTOMETRIST in your locality, write this office and we will suggest the names of several near you. Also ask

The Emblem of Superior Optical Service. Look for it where you obtain your glasses.

**Associated Optometrists
of America, Inc.**

Home Office
209½ E. Broad St.
Richmond, Va.



Safety First

"Listen!" commanded the archconspirator. "There is one point of the utmost importance in carrying out this crime: It must be done some place where there is not the slightest danger of interference."

"Yes," hissed the gang.

"We gotta be sure there's no chance of the cops getting a line on the murder," continued the chief plotter.

"Yes," hissed the gang.

There was a period of deliberation, and then—

"I've got it!" snapped the leader. "The very place. A nice, safe spot we can reach in a few seconds, where we can murder this guy and not get a peep outta a soul."

"Where?" demanded the gang.

"Broadway and Forty-second street," was the answer.

—*New York Globe.*

A Man of One Idea

The prize for the most absent-minded man seems to be due a Liberty, Mo., citizen whose house caught fire and who, after calling the fire department couldn't remember for the life of him where he lived.

—*Kansas City Times.*

Navy Nuggets

(Extracted from the papers printed and published on board the ships of the United States Navy.)

CONSIDER THE ACORN.

It is a nut, yet when it falls from the tree it has wrapped up in its shell an unalterable resolution to produce an oak tree.

It is a nut, but it needs only the environments of earth, warmth and moisture to accomplish its job.

It is a nut, but it never produces a string bean vine, a lemon tree or huckleberry bush.

—*The Arklight (U.S.S. Arkansas).*

Are' you a better sailor to-day than you were yesterday? If not, you're a worse one.

—*The Big U (U.S.S. Utah).*

One swallow doesn't make a summer but it would brighten up a Broadway winter quite a bit.—*The Big U (U.S.S. Utah).*

Said a sailor
To a tailor
"Make a suit of non-reg blues."
He repented—
Clothes he rented—
When he had to pay the dues.
—*The Sea-Bag (U.S.S. Oklahoma).*

All the nuts in this world are not grown in Brazil. We have just crossed the bow of a "bloke" who wants to know why we can't go around the Equator instead of crossing it in order to avoid all these unnecessary trials and tribulations, which we are constantly being reminded of.

—*The Big U (U.S.S. Utah).*

Kelly, 3rd Division, is a candidate for the Snipehunter's Club. He was sent up to the crow's nest to get some eggs and told



I feel like a different person since Resinol cleared away that skin trouble

"I had suffered from eczema so long I didn't believe anything would overcome it, but the first time I used Resinol it stopped the itching, and now my skin is entirely clear."



This is the experience of thousands who have used Resinol and know that its gentle, healing materials seldom fail to overcome skin troubles. *At a drugstore.*

The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums

PYORRHEA infecting germs cause many ills. Medical science has proved this. Many diseased conditions are now known often to be the result of Pyorrhea germs that breed in pockets about the teeth. Rheumatism, anæmia, nervous disorders and other diseases have been traced in many cases to this Pyorrhea infection.

Don't let Pyorrhea work its wicked will on your body. Visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection.

And watch your gums yourself. Pyorrhea, which affects four out of five people over forty, begins with tender and bleeding gums; then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisons generated at their base.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can. Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.: New York
Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal

Forhan's

**FOR
THE
GUMS**



to wind the anchor watch on the return trip.—*The Sea-Bag (U.S.S. Oklahoma).*

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Drinking a bowl of whey.
A friend put a stick in it,
Making a kick in it.
The end of a perfect day!
—*The Big U (U.S.S. Utah).*

Whither? Oh, Whither?

A very cultivated Englishwoman who writes excellent verse and who, from her sense of beauty, still clings fondly to her Swinburne and Wordsworth—to say nothing of our Whitman—was taken to a Poetry Society reception the other evening. Not liking *vers libre* she is not familiar with the names of its exponents, and during the evening the name of Amy Lowell came up for discussion.

"Amy Lowell! Amy Lowell! Who is Amy Lowell?" she asked.

The young man in horn spectacles gazed at her scornfully and replied, "Amy Lowell is our leading poet."

"Where, may I ask, is she leading you?" said the English lady.

—*New York Sun.*